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WHOLE NUMBER 1,397.

ANOTHER FOOL.



HE OPENED his eyes. Everything looked much as he had imagined and hoped it would look. On the wall opposite, in a black frame, hung the picture of a snow storm from the London News of half a dozen years ago; by his bedside stood the table, with a tumbler of water and a bowl of fresh flowers—lilies-of-the-valley. On another table, by the window, burnt a little lamp; there were a medicine bottle, some few articles always found in a sick-room, a couple of books, more flowers and a roll of white linen.

In a low chair, near the dim light, a woman sat. He could only see her head and a narrow outline of her face. Her head was thrown far back against the pink cushion; her long, wavy brown hair, streaked with gold where the light touched it, her dress was black; he could see the corner of a white apron and the curve of a white collar, and soft white cuffs against small white hands.

He wished he could see more of her; he was afraid to move lest she heard him. Evidently she was young; that was good. Was she also beautiful, or even pretty? Would she be soft and gentle and patient with him, or hard and stern and matter-of-fact?

How peaceful it was in this little room, the center of the great, silent hospital! Such peace he had never felt before in his life, though he had often sought it. No one could come and worry him here, or stare at him, or ask him questions. He did not care now whether he would be in the silent room as long as he could be in the silent room with the picture of the snow-storm on the wall and the lilies by his side on the table, and the nurse asleep in the chair, and everywhere the calm and the peace.

It was even better than his father's home. There his mother or his father, his sisters and his brothers, would have continually come and looked at him and asked him how he felt, and why he was so stupid, and why he was different to other people.

Here none could worry him. He was safe. What time was it? Evening, probably, or perhaps night. No light came through the blind and the gray, drawn curtains. He could hear no sounds from the street, not even the distant roar of traffic which never ceased.

Should he speak to the nurse and see what she was like? He very much wanted her to be pretty. He still clung to the stupid idea that if she were pretty she would be kind—and forgiving. Did she know all about him—all that other people knew or thought they knew? But he did not need forgiveness—he had done nothing wrong; she would only consider him like other men. Well, that would be better than thinking him "so different" and "foolish."

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YE GOOD ST. VALENTINE.

Many years ago a Frenchman who visited London wrote this passage concerning the English girl on the fourteenth of February:

"St. Valentine's day is the carnival of the young people here. English girls await the arrival of the postman with the utmost impatience. They open their letters in a state of delighted excitement, and instantly give vent to their feelings in cries of rapture or bursts of laughter. The girl who receives no valentine has reason to feel mortified, as it is a proof positive that she will build the tresses of St. Catherine."

The same condition of things exists to-day, as the postman whose work is doubled and trebled at that period will surely testify. In city and village, and in homes remote, the time is one of joyous expectancy, and often there is more than the trivial following of a tradition in the exchange of those lace-bordered and decorated missives with their cunning, mischievous cupids, their hearts transfixed by arrows and their sentimental verses.

"Hearts are broken, heads are turned By castles in the air." There are a few who take advantage of the time to send hateful comic valentines which illustrate some peculiarity of the ones to whom they are addressed, but no one will envy the unkind spirit that could dictate such a proceeding. But there are comic valentines that are employed as a pastime by persons who are not over-sensitive or refined.

In the olden days when the world was mostly under pagan rule, the 14th day of February was one of carnival, and often misrule. The valentine letters were one of the favorite amusements in England, when the lads and lasses had not the glided opportunity of the present time. They wrote billets—with their names inscribed thereon, an equal number of each and drew by lot—the man taking the billets from the maids, and vice versa. The company being thus divided into couples who were each other's valentines, many happy marriages grew out of this lottery.

Writing was not then cultivated, even in court circles, and the first written valentine of which sentimental history has kept any account, is the famous one of the Duke of Orleans. This nobleman, being a prisoner of the battle of Agincourt, could not draw his valentine as he wished a quaint and chivalrous address to an unknown divinity. Being a poet and a writer of songs, his verse had merit and is distinguished for its graceful simplicity. A stanza will give an idea of the poem:

"Will thou be mine, dear love? Reply Sweetly consent, or else deny; Whither softly, none shall know; Will thou be mine, love?—aye or no."

"Though a man with withered hand do strike The form most fayre, the face most bright, Still doth she leave unattended and true Thy Willy's love and freynshype too."

"Though death with neverre faynyngs blowe Both manne and babe alyke brynge lowe, Yette doth he take naughte but his due, And strykes notte Willy's heart still trewe."

"Synce theene not fortune, death nor age Canne faythfull Willy's love assauge, Thence doe I live and dye forre you, Thy Willy's syncre and most trewe."

Drayton also alludes touchingly to the custom which tradition gave to the custom of pairing on St. Valentine's day. Perhaps one of the most ancient verses is that written by Lydgate, the monk of Bury, in 1449, in praise of Queen Catherine, consort of Henry V.:

"Saynt Valentine-of custom yere by yere, Men have an usance in this regyoun, To looke and serche Cupid's kalendere And chose theyr choyse by grete affection."

Herriek, in his "Hesperides," speaking of a bride, says: "She must be more a-maying, Or by rosebush divine Who'll be her Valentine." A modern valentine has all the marks of the old-time effusions. The writer really clings to it as it was yellow with age, being found in the dress-case of a lady of the past, who had lived and died single. The valentine was wrapped in a bit of yellow lace, "fairly scented with vanilla bean."

"This merry maiden, radiant, rare, With winsome ways and debonaire, When sweet she smiles on me I swear That I shall love her to the end of time, And when those lips so ripe, so fair, To look upon her face old Care Would cease to carp and court despair, Would give up dole, his trade forswear, Don sunny locks, make joy his heir, What wonder, then, that I should dare Whither softly, none shall know, Her Valentine myself declare? This merry maiden, radiant, rare!"

At the corners of the table are flat looped bows of satin ribbon, five inches wide, with long ends reaching to the bottom of the table. On each side is placed a slender cut glass vase, eight inches high, with twelve American Beauty roses arranged carelessly. The ribbon roses are placed near the candleabra.

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PLANETARY GOSSIP.

HOROSCOPIC READINGS OF PROBABLE EVENTS.

Instructions to Applicants for Free Readings in These Columns—Name, Address, Date and Hour of Birth Important Required.

HE free readings now being given in these columns are so popular that it will take some time before those on hand will be answered. Every letter sent in will be answered in its regular order.

Those who do not wish to wait their turn can get their readings by mail for twelve-cent stamps. In all cases full name and address of applicants must accompany requests for free readings. Also place, date, hour and place of birth. If the hour is not known send two-cent stamps for special instructions. Address all communications to Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, 194 South Clinton street, Chicago, Ill.

Following are the readings for this week:

Minnie W., Muskego, Kan. According to the data you have the Zodiacal sign Virgo which Mercury rules with a lingering indication of the sign Leo, which the Sun rules rising at your birth, therefore, Mercury and the Sun are your ruling planets or significators.

You are medium height; medium dark complexion; hair and eyes. You are rather of a studious nature and take delight in unraveling some mystery and are easily interested in chemistry and electricity. You are very intuitive, however, and your intuition works uneven or spasmodically. You will not generally be appreciated by people until they are well acquainted with you. Love affairs and marriage will not be more than average fortunate. You are liable to accidents and injuries to your feet. You will also be subject to some nervous ailment of the heart, this will not be organic or at all dangerous.

E. A. F. X., Owensboro, Ind. According to data furnished you have the zodiacal sign, Scorpio, which Mars rules, rising at birth, therefore Mars is your ruling planet or significator. Saturn is on the ascendant, and is co-significator. You are medium height, with a well-set, strong, plump figure; dark complexion; dark hair; dark eyes; a luxuriant growth of dark hair. The face is rather full and broad. You are one of the stirring, energetic kind of people, and have the desire and ability to push your business, yet you do this in a quiet way that others will hardly know anything about it. It is all over. You are secretive and deliberate in your actions, and lay your plans first and work them out afterward. You are fond of chemistry, soldiers, firemen, and all kinds of military affairs. Love affairs never run smooth with you long at a time. The second half of your life has been the most fortunate. You are under evil transits now, especially for health, and should be careful.

Miss Marie H., Detroit. According to data furnished the zodiacal sign Aquarius, which Uranus rules, was rising at your birth, therefore Uranus is your ruling planet or significator. The sign Pisces, which Jupiter rules, was intercepted, and Mars was on the ascendant, therefore Jupiter and Mars are co-significators. You are of medium height, or slightly above; medium to light complexion, hair and eyes; when small your hair was flaxen. You are quite energetic and ambitious, and do not like to be opposed; anyone that undertakes to control your independent actions will be likely to get the benefit of your opinion of them. You are very independent in your ideas of dress, and will wear anything you think is right and proper, no matter if it suits the four hundred or not. You have a good intellect, and should make a great effort to overcome the obstacles that are hindering your education. Your husband will be one of those bright, refined, kind and obliging men, with dark eyes, that have a peculiar sparkle and sharp sight; marriage will be far more than average fortunate.

Note—Those who have sent in their stamps (25 cents) for readings by mail, will usually be promptly answered. In cases where there is an apparent delay the astrologer should be notified at once and the mistake will be rectified.

The Number of Asteroids. In October last a small planet, or asteroid, discovered by photography in Berlin, was set down in the list of these bodies as No. 424. Since the application of photography to the stars the discovery of asteroids has been very rapid, no less than one hundred having been found between February, 1892, and October, 1896. Up to 1845 only four asteroids were known. Since then not a year has passed without the discovery of one or more.

A Cure. Jones—Shiloh has a medicine which he declares is a sure cure for heart disease. —Smith—Did it cure him? Jones—Yes; it gave him such a frightful attack of indigestion that he forgot all about his heart.—Harper's Bazar.

OLD-TIME COOKING.

Like the Men of Those Days It Was Called a Hot Stewage.

It was very different three hundred years ago. There was no science and very little fashion. The culture of the age was well expressed by which aristocratic word was coined by an incriminated monarch, who insisted upon knightly a lot of beef on account of its excellence and juiciness, says the New York Mail and Express. There were no forks. Instead of plates wooden trenchers, and spoons were used and were what are now called ladies' and gentlemen's table cloths were never very popular. The cookery books, what there were of them, were on a par with the rest of kitchenware. Honey was largely used and recommended when mixed with spices, with fish and crabs. Foodstuffs were not in vogue and thus had carrots, turnips, cabbage, and even apples thrown into the pot, and when cold could be eaten with a knife. The cooking was like the men of the period, coarse, brutal but strong, wholesome and refreshing.

MANUAL FOR ARMY COOKS.

Camp Cooking Not So Bad as Might Be Supposed.

In camp life the joys of dining are more precarious than in the barracks because of the inconveniences to proper cooking of the food, says Chastanant. However, as an offset to the drawbacks of camp life, the soldier is better in outdoor life. For field use the cooking utensils are necessarily simple. The dishes are few and instead of the reliable bar rack range in the shelter of a tidy kitchen some rude cooking place must be improvised. Of these cooking places the simplest and most economical as to fuel is in the form of a trench dug in the ground. With moderate weather, favorable soil and sufficient fuel such a stove can be made to answer every purpose. Field ovens, too, of primitive fashion are constructed for baking "soft bread," beans, etc. That may be done even when the army is on the march, provided the weather is not too stormy for the bread to rise. For individual cooking and eating on the field, necessitated by emergencies, the government furnishes each soldier with one plate, canteen, one tin cup, one knife, fork and spoon. With all its hardships, camp cooking with the most primitive implements is not so fatal to good food as might be supposed. Perhaps the chief reason of this is that there are many recipes for cooking meats, breads, vegetables, soups, etc., adapted to just such conditions of fire and dishes.

Greatest Crime.

Dismal Dawson—This here paper says that the greatest crime is committed in the localities that goes prohibition. Hungry Higgins—Of course. Wot greater crime?—Indianapolis Journal.

High-Gear.

Watson—Those South Americans are so high-strung that they want to fight on the smallest provocation. Crankshaft—High-gear, I should judge, from the number of revolutions they make.—Brooklyn Life.

Uncle Eben's Wisdom.

"Hit am good," said Uncle Eben, "ter be er man dat changes 's mind dat ter be one dat didn't hab no mind ter change in de fus' place."—Washington Star.

MISSING LINKS.

A kerosene lamp with an electrical attachment is something new. You press a button, and an electric flame lights the lamp. Complaint is made against the water of the Schuylkill by Philadelphia, on the ground that there is too much lead in it to drink and not enough to burn.

A farmer of Durham, Mo., while on a jolly spree in Kansas City, bought a block of city lots. A few days later, when sober, he sold them at an advance of \$5,000.

Charles T. Farrier of Polk county, Minn., has artificial legs. He rides a bicycle, can jump fifteen feet in three jumps, and can kick a hat held eight feet above the floor.

Some of the large life insurance companies are considering the advisability of establishing a colonial pantheon or the care of consumptives who develop the disease after insuring.

A four-master iron ship, with provisions for two years and 2,500 tons of coal on board, was lately sold at Yarmouth, England, for \$55. The vessel had run ashore three miles from the town.

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